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Leith

Whitehaugh

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WHITEHAUGH:

A POEM,

BY

Williamina Helen Stewart Forbes Leith,

OF

WHITEHAUGH,

ADDRESSED TO HER ELDEST SON,

After the demise of his Father,

COLONEL JAMES JOHN FORBES LEITH,

OF

WHITEHAUGH:

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER,
Printed by H. Delahodde, 7, Grande-Rue.
1848.

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ADDRESS

To James of Whitehaugh,

BY

BY HIS FOND DOATING MAMA.

Know'st thou the Vale, where the Don smoothly flows,
Through rich meadows, where all that is loveliest grows?
While it murmurs along, to the hum of the Bee,
'Till it mingles its stream, with the waves of the Sea?
Where the hills gently rise, amid pastures so green,
Interspersed here and there, with a cottage between!
Where the foliage is thick, and the rocks boldly jut,
Concealing in part, some lone hamlet or hut!
And the smoke, curling lightly, as fanned by the breeze,
Thus softens the view, of the bright budding trees?
Where the Birch, and the Larch, in luxuriance vie,
And the green of the Spruce, is deepest in dye?
Where the Rose and Thistle, in love are entwined,
And the Pine clasps the rock, as if both were combined?
Where, in life's sunny morn, we have all lived together,
And oft spent our hours mid the rich blooming heather?

With the hare, and the hair-bell, at sport on the lea,
The bell waving lightly, while nestling a Bee,
And the hare, running nimbly, beneath the Birch tree?
Where the lambs frisked at even, in innocent play,
And. by you, were made pets, for many a long day?
Where, the Lark, in the morn, warbles forth his sweet song,
To the milk-maid, or plough-boy, while tradging along,
With earth's dew on his breast, he thus soars to the sky,
With a hymn to his Maker, who hears him on high.
Where, 'though Philomel, ne'er, in the grove, has yet been,
The Thrush, and the Blackbird, may alway be seen?
And, as spring-time, advances, their note through the trees,
Is wafted along, by the soft evening breeze? —
Where, the timid young Fawn, fleetly, crosses the plain,
The Doe, in yon copse-wood, all breathless to gain.
While the Stag, on the hill, keeps close watch, against danger,
Rearing proudly, his head, at approach of a stranger.
Then, darting like lightning, to warn the wild herd,
All trembling, each Deer bounds with speed, at his word!
Where, the Mountains and Valley, so closely, embrace,
That, in parts of Drumgowan, of the Den, we lose trace.
Where the Grouse, and the Blackcock, in unity dwell,
And the Partridge, and Snipe, are oft found, in the dell?
In the Merlin's pure stream, frolics, many a trout,
'Till the rod of young Stewart, makes them, briskly jump out
Where the Esset, too, boasts, if its small, finny tribe,

On her breast, every night, may his head find a pillow,
To sink calmly to sleep, like the sun on the billow.
And, when, from life's cares, he, at length, must seek rest,
May repose be as mild, as the light from the West,
When the sun meets the earth's last embrace, in the even,
May a kiss from his wife, prove, the pass-port to heaven!
Or, if first, she should droop, like a delicate flower,
Oh! may he, from above, find the strength, and the power,
To nourish her still, with the warm ray of love,
While her eye, wears the smile, of an innocent dove!
And, when closed, in the sleep, of all earthly repose,
May her form, be to him, like a sweet, faded, Rose;
Whose beauty of shape, is alone, lost to view,
While its perfume remains, ever fresh, ever new! —
"Long, long be," his heart, with her "memory filled;
"Like a Vase, in which Roses, have once, been distilled;
"You may break, you may ruin, the Vase, if you will,
"But, the scent of the Roses, will hang round it still! —
Then, know'st thou, this spot, where, the heather-clad hill,
Is dear to my soul, go, wherever I will? —
'Tis the home of thy sires, where I first, fondly met,
The light of *my* eye, him, on whom, *my* heart set! —
Where, renouncing the world, and all its vain pleasures,
I revelled in joys, amid earth's richest treasures? —
Surrounded by all, that, to woman, is dear,
The sun of my life, shone so bright, and so clear,

That, I thought, in my bliss, no cloud, could come near!
Thus warmed by my sun, thus caressed, every hour,
I felt, that the world, over me, had no power;—
And thus, like a child, beneath the mild ray,
I sported, and played, all the happy, long day.—
My Husband, to me, was the sphere of my bliss;
And, my children, the Beams, that arose, from each kiss;
While the warmth of their love, like the rays of my Sun,
Shed a lustre on me, as his race, still ran on.
These Beams, that he left, as his Soul, sank to rest,
Are all, that remain, *now*, of him, I loved best;—
Save the noble example, his whole life sent forth,—
As rare in the world, as the sun in the north.
But, since God is so kind, and my blessings so great,
May I thankfully prize them, and patiently wait,
Till that glorious morn, when, again, shall appear,
My sun, in fresh lustre, amid a new sphere!—
Still refulgent with heat, and when all, in one day,
Shall own the Almighty's resplendent array!—
When the Beings, that, on Earth, to each other, were dear,
Shall all meet, and, no parting, again have to fear!—
Such a moment of bliss, should, our whole life, inspire,
With the ardent, unceasing, and noble, desire,
To dwell, like the sun, in those regions above,
Where his warmth is Eternal, and, where God, is, all love.
And, Know'st thou, the Mansion-house, lordly in pride,

Which, to catch with the hook, requires many a bribe?
More North, "rins the Gaudie," the Prince of Scotch Burns,
Being, thickly besprinkled, with trout, at all turns.
On its banks, lie rich farms, which it irrigates too,
Where, in days, now gone bye, was distilled, "Mountain dew,"
And, our oldest, good tenant, S. Reid, of the Den,
There, numbered his years, of full nine times ten.
But, I've, mounted the hill, far above the sweet Vale,
Where, first I began, to unfold this long tale:
And, yet, I have more, of this Valley to say,
So, descend with me, quickly, before close of day.
'Tis a Vale, with the Mountains, encircling it round,
Where the choicest of nature's sweet flowers, may be found;
On the top of these hills, richly blooms, the bell heather,
'Till the flight of the Red-wing, proclaims change of weather.
There, the snow-flake, retains, all the purity given,
When 'tis first sent to earth, from the confines of heaven.
'Till the envious sun, on his way to the west,
Kissing, warmly, each, swell, on the Mountains pure breast.
Turns, the soft, downy texture, to water, as bright
And transparent as chrystal, exposed to his light! —
Thus, resembling in woman, those snow-hills, where care,
In the spring-tide of life, sits as lightly as air; —
'Till the warmth of the summer, her fair bosom charms,
With tumults of joy, free from all love's alarms.
The stream flows not, more guetly, at first, from *its* bed,

Than love rises pure, in the breast of the Maid.
Then, melting like snow, at the touch of the sun,
Her soft wishes rise, as the pure waters run.
While these, finding no rest, 'till they reach the broad wave,
So, her love, seeks repose, in the heart of the brave. —
Then, let man, in his acts, towards all woman kind,
His glorious image, — the sun, bear in mind! —
Be the light of her eye, and the joy of her heart,
The sphere of her bliss; — in her sorrow, take part! —
And, confiding his happiness, all, to her care,
Of th'extent of his treasure, he's seldom aware. —
Like the ocean's hid riches, unseen to the world,
While a ship passes over, with sails all unfurled, —
She displays not her wealth, to the casual eye,
But, conceals it for him, for whose love, she would die.
And, may he, then, for whom, so much worth, is in store,
As he finds each new charm, only prize her the more,
And seek her, with zeal, such as Mariners show,
When, to far distant climates, unwearied, they go: —
To look for those pearls, *they* value the more,
When they yield, in return, that same rich, golden, ore,
Which, the deeper 'tis found, the purer the store.
How *its* prized by the Miser, and hoarded with care,
Ah! *who*, woman's love, to such dross, would compare? —
Then, let man's noblest aim, be, a virtuous wife,
And, secure in her love, lead the happiest life!

Of a hundred years old, and, some odd years, beside?
Which, still stands on the spot, where thy fore fathers dwelt,
When the Roman, oft fought, with the hardy young Celt;
Where, the windows o'erlook, the meandering Don;
And the Pillars are hewn, of the solid blue stone?
Where, within all is comfort, with elegance, too,
And, without, such a varied, and beautiful view,—
That the Gardens, and pleasure-grounds, give a coup-d'œil,
Quite whorthy of him, I have called, my soleil!—
And, while wand'ring full oft, on his arm, among these,
He was always engaged, about prnnning the trees;
Forming vistas, and arches, and opening to sight,
The points, that most struck him, to left, and to right.
Ever wishing to shew me, fresh source of delight!—
Thus disclosing some Farm, or some far distant hill.
Or, perhaps, some dear object, to us both, nearer still!—
Thus, our joys, lay amid the sweet scenes of our Home,
Nor, beyond its dear woods, did we e'er wish to roam.
Contented to stroll, through Birch-Mount, to Montgarie,
Or, following the rill, wander into the Gearie.
While our children rode out, on a nice little Pony,
Or, took Papa's hand, where the Path became stony.
By the Druid's old Fane, near the Mill, oft descending,
To the sweep of the River, *there*, gracefully bending.
So that, driving or walking, or hunting for game,
Our Pastimes, and Pleasures, could ne'er become tame;

For, indoors, as, when out, our whole hearts chief delight
Lay, in rational enjoyment, each day, brings more bright
While the fair pledges of love, our Souls held most dear,
Grew, under our nurture, still fairer, each year!—
To the Temple, low down, in the wood's mossy glen,
Have we walked, arm in arm, again and again.
Or, ascended the Mount, to the Tomb, thickly shaded,
Close, by Solomon's seat, where, profane foot, ne'er invaded.
In that hallowed Grove, sacred to Love and Repose.
Rests, the Form I'll adore, till my life's at its close;
And, when all that remains of myself, is laid there,
May our spirits united, still hover in air,
Near the scene, where our Bodies, comingling together,
Are strewn with fresh flowers, which our children will gather.
While the Birds, true to nature, are singing all round,
Songs of love, to their mates, that respond to each sound.
Ah! How oft, with lone foôtsteps, ascending that Mount,
To revisit the cold shade, of my joy's early fount,
Has the note of the homely, and tame little Robin,
Soothed all my sad thoughts, and my heart's wildest throbbing:
By, saying as it were, with its wings, plumed to fly,
"Be grateful for mercies, still sent from on high!—"
And, on each blessed day,—the best of the seven,—
We, *there*, all utter prayers, for *his* soul's rest in Heaven!
And returning, together, in one happy band,
We walk through the Park, to the Lawn; hand in hand.

Then, entering the Home, of our hearts fondest love,
We tend all our pets, and caress the soft Dove.
Or, we sit by each other, enchained to the spot,
Where, happiness pure, has, as yet, been our lot!—
And, each Eve, like each morn, we, in unison, pour,
Our thanks, and our praise, to the god, we adore.
Say then, know'st thou this vale, 'tis the scene of thy youth,
"Where, first, thy" Kind "heart, glowed with honor and truth?"
Where, the sports of the field, first engaged thy young soul,
"And, thy feet, like thy fancy, roamed free from Control?"
Oh! Grant then, Great God, to my Boy, may be given,
A heart, to enjoy, all the blessings, which heaven,—
In mercy, will send, to a Mother's fond Prayer!
May his Soul be the Seat, of each virtue most rare.
And, outstripping the best, of his Fore fathers race,
May he reach an old age, full of honor and grace!
Diffusing, through life with a liberal hand.
The stores he can spare, from the rents of his land.
That, each worthy tenant, may bless his young Lord,
And, be ready to serve him, with plough or with sword.
May we all, pass each summer, at our dear Mountain Home,
Nor, far from Whitehaugh, may one of us roam!—
May my children, all find, 'mid the scenes of their youth,
That, *there*, life may be spent, with both honor and truth;
And, at Home, while in Bliss, we live fondly together,
May they still rest their cares, in the breast of their Mother.

Now, I'm sure, my dear Jamie, you wont fail to say,
You love, fondly, the *theme*, of your Mama's long lay;
And, if her description, has given you some pleasure,
Her aim is accomplished, her joy, without measure!
God bless you, my Darling! and, oh! still let me find,
In you, Love and Virtue, for ever, combined!!! –

The 2nd of march, 1847.

W H S K L.

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